

Pet

"White City Fighting"

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The White City
That's a joke of a name
It's a black violence place
If I remember the game
I couldn't wait to get out
But I love to go home
To remember the White City fighting
The White City
Blood was an addiction
Now it's analyzed
As though it were fiction
The battles were won
And the battles were blown
At the height of the White City fighting
Down to the refuge near QPR
I drive to committees in my German car
Prone to violence, and prone to shame
I glide in silence, my pride in vain
For no one remembers not that I can see
That we were defenders-we were the free
The White City
I finally grew up
To resist the temptation
The gutters all threw up
But I have to go back
I guess I'm violence prone
Remember the White City fighting
Remember, remember

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